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# The HARTLEY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

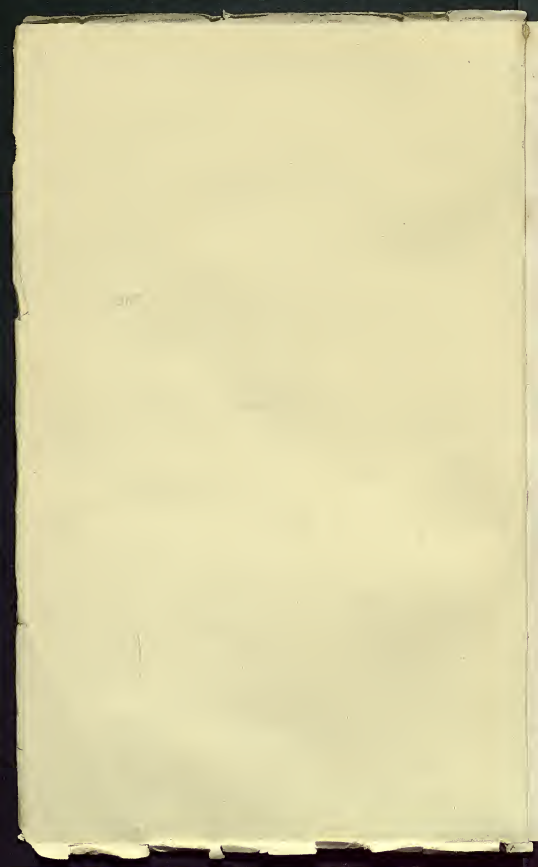
VOL. XI.



No. 32.



SUMMER TERM - - 1911.



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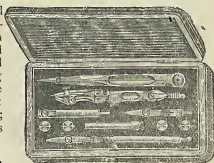
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\* Cricket XI,  
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Vol XI.

No. 32.

June, 1911.

The . . .

**Hartley University  
College  
.. Magazine ..**



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THE  
Hartley University College Magazine.

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= = Editorial Note. = =

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THERE seems to be little or nothing to talk about this term. Absolutely nothing seems to have got itself done, or to have brought itself to pass. We have not this term to celebrate the passing from our ken of anybody on the staff who is anybody. In fact, in these latter days, things remain very much as they have been. The College seems still to be in its unhappy condition, although it would seem for the time being we have repulsed and routed that clique of mischief-makers, misnamed the Board of Education. And we rejoice thereat. But there doesn't seem to be anything particular to say about the situation. Which thing being so, we will not try to say anything.

---

SOUTH AFRICAN COLLEGE,  
CAPE TOWN,  
May 30th, 1911.

*To the Editor of the "H.U.C. Magazine."*

DEAR SIR,

I hope my communication will not be too late for insertion in your Summer Term issue. I had hoped to be in a position to write before this, but the many duties and demands incident to the taking up of a new position in a new country have left me but little time for correspondence. But I should not like the June number of the Magazine to appear before I had taken the opportunity of asking you, Mr. Editor, to allow me to express to all Hartley students my warmest thanks for the kindness with which they treated me, especially at the last. I am afraid I expressed, all too inadequately, my sense of appreciation when I was actually face to face—for the last time—with the students themselves. Hence my desire to re-emphasize what may have been but weakly said.

I have another object in writing. It is to wish the very best of luck and prosperity to the outgoing Day Training students. A little matter of 6,000 miles prevents me from

being present at the "Farewell" Soirée, so I must adopt the very poor alternative of saying good-bye by letter. I do not think I could wish the outgoing students anything better than that the world at large should treat them as well as they have treated me. May I also add that if any old Hartley student whom I have known should ever find his (or her) way to Capetown, I hope it may be my pleasure to offer friendship and hospitality.

I should have liked, Mr. Editor, to add some details about educational work in this country, but I have not been here long enough to form any adequate judgments. South Africa is notoriously one of those places where first opinions are usually wrong opinions. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that the country will more and more provide and train its own teachers. It is equally certain that for many years to come the schools of South Africa will continue to need the stimulus and the vigour that teachers from outside can bring.

In spite of language difficulties and other disadvantages, there are still good reasons why English teachers should not lightly reject an opportunity of securing work in South Africa. Should any old student ever contemplate the venture, I should be only too glad to give any advice and help that might lie in my power.

With apologies for trespassing on your space,

I remain, Mr. Editor,

Yours very truly,

F. CLARKE.

---

In Memoriam.

---

EDWARD J. JOHNSON,

DIED 23RD APRIL, 1911.

---

R. I. P.

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## PRESENTATION TO DR. HEARNSHAW.

HARTLEY HALL, MARCH 20th, 1911.

*Platform.*—Miss Aubrey, Miss Hughes, Dr. Hearnshaw, Col. Swalm, Mr. Toogood.

Miss AUBREY (Chairman) welcomed Dr. Hearnshaw on his reappearance at the College, and said how his genial presence and amusing speeches had been missed. Miss Aubrey asked Mr. Toogood (President of the Men's Representative Council) to speak on behalf of the men students.

Mr. TOOGOOD regretted that a three hours' examination paper was not sufficient punishment for one morning, but that their distress was to be increased by the painful ceremony of publicly bidding farewell to their late Professor, Dr. Hearnshaw. The departure of Prof. Hearnshaw from College just before Christmas, occurring as it did during that period of penance when students atone for a term's enjoyment at College, and during which they impress their examiners with the vast amount of information they have acquired during the term, had prevented a suitable farewell to Dr. Hearnshaw. Indeed, in that respect they were not much better favoured even then by circumstances, inasmuch as they had just commenced their second term's penance. He hoped, however, that what was lacking at that meeting in form and ceremony would be atoned for by the warmth and sincerity of the feelings exhibited by the students. The speaker proceeded to indicate the loss which the College had sustained by Prof. Hearnshaw's departure to Newcastle. One of the greatest sources of pride to Hartley students had been the ability to rank so celebrated a historian as Dr. Hearnshaw among the staff of the College. He expressed regret that his college syllabus did not include History; and hence he was unable to attempt any definition of Dr. Hearnshaw's lectures, such as he had done of Prof. Clarke's. If they resembled at all, however, the speeches that Dr. H. was accustomed to deliver at debates, he was sure they were such as to cause him deeply to regret his inability to be present at the history lectures. Mr. Toogood expressed the pleasure felt by the students that Dr. Hearnshaw's talents as a historian had met with such recognition, and caused his appointment to the distinguished position he then held. He expressed sincere regret at Dr. Hearnshaw's departure and the best wishes of the men students for his welfare.

Miss HUGHES (President of Women's Rep. Council) spoke on behalf of the women students, and said that it was a pity Mr. Toogood had not attended Dr. H.'s history lectures, as only those who had listened to them could really appreciate the loss to the College. Miss Hughes thought that the humour of the lectures struck her more than anything else. Room 20 would always have pleasant associations—more for the lectures than for the room itself. The speaker recounted how they had once obtained an old student's note-book and thus predicted those famous jokes of Dr. Hearnshaw's.

Miss Hughes then presented the marble clock to Dr. Hearnshaw, and hoped it would serve to remind him of the students of Hartley.

Dr. HEARNSHAW then replied, thanking the students very much indeed for their cordial reception of him and the splendid present. Miss Hughes had said the clock had no historical associations, but Dr. Hearnshaw said it would have in future—that this meeting of the students and this function would itself be a historical association. He said that whenever he wound up the clock, as he supposed he would do every week, he should think of this gathering of the students. Dr. Hearnshaw said that he also would think of Room 20, as in that room for the last ten years he had carefully polished up those ancient jokes, and if any of those present thought them a trifle dull they must remember that they had been polished up on nine preceding generations of students.

It was exceedingly agreeable to him to be back in that Hall and to see it laid out for examinations, especially as this time he would not have to mark the papers. It was with great difficulty that he realized that he had severed his connection with this College—this home, he might call it. His work as yet at Newcastle was not arduous—that is, his College work. He had not been idle; he had had serious and important duties to perform—domestic duties. Not only had he had to find a house, etc., but also to engage a charwoman, go to registry offices, and even interview servants, so that, on the whole, he was glad his college duties had not been heavy. Dr. Hearnshaw could hardly realize that he would not have the pleasure of inflicting another history lecture on the students.

He was extremely grateful to the students for the very kind present to him, and said that it was itself very valuable, but was even more valuable because of its associations. He wished them all the heartiest God-speed, as they had wished him.

He would come and see them when he came down to Southampton, as he certainly would be doing for some time, and he hoped that when the students went out into the world they would call in at Newcastle, on their way to play golf in Scotland, and see him in his new work. He had already discovered several old students, who were with him at the beginning of his career at the Hartley, round Newcastle. Although the College at Newcastle was now flourishing, it had only just emerged from a very serious crisis similar to that in which the Hartley now found itself, but it had come out triumphant and all the better for the struggle, and that is what the Hartley must do. So great was the distress at Armstrong College that the French paper had to be set by the Mathematical Professor. One question was, "What prepositions in French govern the subjunctive mood?" and at another exam. the same Prof., who prided himself on his versatility, had to set the Chemistry paper, in which he included the question: "What are the dimensions of a blast furnace?" About as sensible question as "What is the size of a piece of chalk?" When the next Prize Day came round, on the entry of the procession of Professors, nothing could be heard but the question: "What are the dimensions of a blast furnace?" But things had now settled down fairly prosperously. He hoped the report of the Hartley would be similar the next time he paid it a visit. Dr. Hearnshaw once more thanked the students for the very kind present, and said that he would always value it very much.

Mr. Toogood then proposed a vote of thanks to Col. Swalm. Not only had he favoured them with his presence on that occasion, but also he had contributed largely to the present himself, and he always displayed a keen interest in the College.

Mr. Toogood thanked Col. Swalm, on behalf of the students, for the great interest he took in the College in all its branches; in particular, for so kindly consenting to kick-off at the football match. This was no doubt in a large measure responsible for the success of the match.

He once more asked the students to give this vote of thanks to Col. Swalm, and asked Mr. Clarke to second it.

Mr. CLARKE seconded the vote of thanks to Col. Swalm for subscribing to the present and for all the interest he took in the College. He was afraid they did not always realize all that he did for them. When he went to see Col. Swalm before the concert as a likely gentleman to buy tickets, he found he had already bought a number. On his happening to mention how

we should miss Dr. Hearnshaw, Col. Swalm had asked if the students would "be so good" as to allow him to join in the subscription. He had not waited to be asked; he had offered first. Mr. Clarke had much pleasure in seconding this vote of thanks to Col. Swalm.

Col. SWALM then replied. He looked back with pleasure to the days in his own State when he was a student. Dr. Hearnshaw was one of the first gentlemen he had the pleasure of knowing when he came to Southampton, eight years ago.

He had admired Dr. Hearnshaw if only because he was one Englishman who could express his opinions so that an American could understand them. To his mind, Dr. Hearnshaw's lectures had been as clear as a running brook. He said the town had suffered a very great loss, indeed, in the departure of Dr. Hearnshaw.

Col. Swalm allied himself with every regret and every good wish that had been expressed by the previous speakers.

## SUB TEGMINE FAGL



✦ ✦ ✦

WHAT would our world be without the beautiful forms of trees and their exquisite tints to refresh our eyes! And of all our forest trees what is more lovely than the beech? In summer its closely packed leaves, spread out like a flat opened fan, and arranged on the twigs so wonderfully that each has room to receive light and air while no space is left uncovered, form a dense shade, most comfortable on a hot August day, when the air above the dusty roads is quivering with heat. The mossy bole is a soft cushion for our wearied limbs, while the upper portions of the branching roots form resting places for our arms. Or one may recline almost as on a bed, when the close twining of the roots gives the impression of a loving embrace by the dryad of the tree, who sympathises with our exhaustion and fills us once more with the resposeful vigour of nature. The famous Holford Beeches, in Somersetshire—a row on the ridge of a hill, overlooking the Bristol Channel—are good examples of such trees. Stunted in growth by the salt winds, and more fantastic than graceful to look upon, their contorted roots are deliciously soothing couches, and the



situation adds the advantage of a cooling breeze to the shade found so grateful on a burning summer day.

Of what other tree have words as tender been written as those describing the night spent by Anodos, the hero of George MacDonald's "Phantastes" under the Beech. The peace of a safe haven from the wrath of the angry Ash with a hole at his root, which he is always trying to fill up, is found under the branches of that Queen of the Forest, who feels the protecting love of a mother for the unfortunate wanderer into the realms of Fairie; and is well described in that fascinating "Fairie Romance" as he calls it full of images of the fancy. Anodos takes her for a woman, and she answers: "I am very glad you think so. I fancy I feel like a woman sometimes. I do so to-night—and always when the rain drips from my hair. There is an old prophecy in our woods that one day we shall all be men and women like you. Do you know anything about it in your region? Shall I be very happy when I am a woman? I fear not; for it is always in nights like this (a fierce thunder-storm had been going on) that I feel like one. But I long to be a woman for all that."

It seems a lack in our national folk talks and mythology that so small a part is given to trees. In the stories of Grimm and Hans Anderson, though birds and beasts are represented as talking and helping distressed lasses and lads out of their difficulties, the vegetable kingdom is rarely mentioned. How beautiful are the old Greek ideas of a Dryad inhabiting each tree, tending it, and dying when it is destroyed, even as the Oreads frequented the mountains, and the Naiads the streams.

The carpet of dead leaves, always to be found under beeches, with the velvety green cushions of moss lightening them up, is lovely indeed. Although no flower, except perhaps the delicate bells of the Wood Sorrel, can grow under their thick shade, the smooth grey stems are the happy resting places of innumerable plants of the more lowly groups—hairy lichens, dangling down like grey-green beards, others which form mystic writings like hieroglyphs on the trunks, intelligible only in the domains of fancy, tiny creeping leafy shoots which when magnified show marvellously delicate little cups and pitchers on them, fit to store water for the elfin dwellers of the woods.

In autumn, when the leaves turn to golden and russet browns, the wealth of colour is yet more gorgeous, and an extensive view showing ridge behind ridge of these wonderful tints is one of the joys of the fading year. This, too, is the time for feasting on the nuts of the kindly beech, classed as

only fit for swine by town dwellers, but delicious enough when munched out of doors under "a tree in the wood," or in the "cold open field" beloved by the "wraggle-taggle gipsies, O!"

Each season lends its charm. In winter, when all is bare and leafless among the "cold ruined quires where once the sweet birds sang," the matchless form can be seen almost at its best, when there is nothing to distract from contemplation of the slender—often clustered—columns, widening out into boughs which curve upwards and then downwards with majestic sweeps—and, to turn to more prosaic uses, form delightful swings by their springiness and elasticity. The long brown cradles which will soon unfurl, freeing from their nests of silky hairs the pale crinkled leaves, add a delicate finish to the twigs. But nearest to perfection is that grandest time of the year, late spring or early summer, when all nature is overflowing with fresh life and renewed youth. The soft bright greens of the young foliage are exquisite, especially with the sunlight glinting through them, flecking all with light and shade, and set off by the dark green and black of the stems, rising from the russet floor to the green canopy, through which glimpses of a blue sky, not cloudless, but dappled with fleecy whiteness, are visible. The silence is broken only by birds singing their love songs, or the rustle of leaves, heralding the approach perhaps of a herd of deer, who following their antlered leader in single file, will each in turn stop to regard with suspicion the intruder into their domains.

But, ah! after all, it is variety which gives the charm to our English woods. If all were beeches, would there not be lost to us the harmonious combinations of tints, the soft green mingled with the red brown colours of the oak's scarcely opened buds, backed by the dark evergreen foliage of the pines and firs? And, except in the more open spaces near the roads we should miss the "violets dim" with their soft half-misty sheen, the white wind flowers with their delicate shade of pink, as well as the fair pale primrose and the matchless hue of an abundance of bluebells, which love the more slightly shaded spots than those a close wood would provide.

## SONG OF THE ADRIATIC.

(*With most profound apologies to "Hiawatha."*)

\* \* \*

Then the Spirit kind and gracious  
Heard that many of its people  
Wished to see the mighty vessel,  
Longed to see the Adriatic,  
With its masts and massive funnels,  
With its wireless apparatus;  
(That to them the chief attraction)  
So was granted them a favour,  
Leave to quit the halls of study,  
And to cross the narrow gangway  
Leading to the floating monster  
Crowds of youths and flocks of maidens,  
Climbing ladders, scaling railings,  
Soiling floors and scratching polish,  
Taking paint from whitened woodwork,  
Entering staterooms, entering cabins,  
Cabins where the heirs to millions  
Toss and roll in pangs of sickness,  
Crossing o'er the pond of herrings  
Coming over to "do Europe."  
Then the maidens saw the kitchen  
Where the rows of hooks in order  
Filled their minds with love of neatness.  
Filled their hearts with admiration  
For a wonderful contrivance  
Used for boiling eggs.—The details  
Of the vessel huge and mighty,  
Large and vast, would fill a volume  
If they all could be remembered.  
Then the warriors showed their prowess  
Mounted on the plunging horses  
Whence some rolled mid loud derision.  
Passed they on to warmer regions,  
Regions where the stairs were oily.  
Oil which left its traces on them  
Warmed and dried their rainsoaked garments,  
At the glare of mighty fires.  
Then their kindly guide passed with them  
To a hall of restoration.

Dried and fed, they left the vessel,  
 Singing songs of commendation,  
 Praised the ruler of the White Star  
 Praised the goodness of the Spirit.  
 (And forgot the telegraphic  
 Apparatus they had longed for,  
 Longed to see by climbing to it).  
 Foolish tribe, Oh foolish nation.

## SONNET.



+ + +

Like to a dream that flies and leaves no trace  
 But the sweet memory of a far off bliss  
 And the clinging perfume of a shadowing kiss  
 That still remain tho' day all else efface;  
 Such thro' the mist of years appears thy face,  
 Faint as the memory of a former state,  
 But still the influence of thy love is great  
 And still my heart yields thee the supreme place.  
 Mother, I see thee, as we see by day  
 The features of a half forgotten dream,  
 Which seem well known and yet evade a name,  
 Dally with many forms and when we seem  
 To have forced them to a shape they fade away  
 And melt into the night from whence they came.

S.S.S.



## TO A STAR.    ❧    ❧

*(After A. de Musset's "A une étoile.")*

\* \* \*

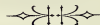
Pale star of even, chastely fair,  
 Emerging from the sunset rain,  
 What from thy azure citadel of air  
 Regard'st thou in the plain?

The tempest rolls away, the winds are stilled,  
 The shivering forest weeps upon the heath,  
 The gilded moth floats by o'er meadows filled  
 With incense spoil of flowers beneath.  
 What seek'st thou in the slumbering wave?  
 Already thou stoapest towards the ghostly hills  
 Whose purpling summits mark the sun's new grave,  
 Thy melancholy smile with beauty fills  
 Earth, ocean, air and sky.

O star that drop'st behind yon pine clad mound  
 Sad silvery tear upon night's sable veil,  
 Thou whom the rustic shepherd homeward bound  
 Contemplates musing while along the vale,  
 His long white flock crawls on in straggling rank.

Where fleest thou in the boundless night?  
 Seek'st thou on yon brook's willow shaded bank,  
 Among the plaintive reeds a place of rest?  
 Where fleest thou when thou leav'st thy throne of light  
 To drop a pearl into the waves' dark breast?  
 O lonely wanderer if thou needs must die,  
 If thy pale beam must shortly pass away  
 Before thou leav'st, a single moment stay!  
 Sweet star of love abandon not the sky.

S.S.S.



## SAYINGS APROPOS.

\* \* \*

"Many people have affected to represent this Book as a serious account of the Matters it treats of . . . . . I allways look'd on it as the highest piece of Drollery that ever appear'd in Print, and I allways suspected that it was wrote originally in Burlesque."

*"Burnettus Restitutus; or Bishop Burnett's  
History in Burlesque Verse."*

## THE SUB-EDITOR.

"A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,  
A monthly scribbler of some low lanipoon,  
Condemn'd to drudge the meanest of the mean,  
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine."

*Byron—"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."*

## HARTLEY—

"It merits the notice of the man of taste, claims the attention of the antiquary, and courts the admiration of the stranger. There is no neighbourhood in Great Britain where politeness, good breeding, harmony and friendship reign so universally, and are so productive of undisguised confidence and undisturbed tranquillity. The assuming arrogance and boorish pride which are, too unfortunately, the external causes of contention and opprobrious language, and inevitably destructive of the sweets of society among petty gentry, uneducated squires, and supercilious fops, are totally banished from this happy country."

*"Guide Book to Southampton,"  
Eighteenth Century*

## —AND ITS STUDENTS.

" . . . . men of fortune, independence and generosity, who keep the happy medium between avarice and extravagance, meanness and profusion; men who do not debase their character by intimacy with the vulgar and their manners, nor proudly despise their equals, but invariably maintain their dignity by a regular uniformity of conduct."

*Ibid.*

## THE WOMEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.

"See, to thy Baths what frequent crowds resort,  
Groaning beneath the varied rod of pain,  
And wash their ills away. Hither is brought,  
Robb'd of each grace, the pining pale-eyed maid,  
Who, Venus-like, emerges from the flood,  
Her cheeks bestrew'd with roses."

Cozens—"Economy of Beauty."

## SOIREE MEMORANDA.

"Balls shall begin at 7 o'clock and end punctually at 11, even in the middle of a dance."

"A gentleman and lady who dance down a country dance shall not quit their places till the dance is finished, unless they intend dancing no more that night."

"No lady will be permitted to dance in an apron, mittens, or black gloves, or any miss in coats."

"It is particularly requested that ladies who do not intend dancing minuets will not take up front seats, except ladies of precedence."

"Gentlemen are requested not to come any evening to the rooms with boots on, and to leave their swords at the door."

"It is expected that gentlemen will not place themselves before ladies so as to prevent their seeing minuets danced, or continue to sit on benches when ladies want seats; and that no gentleman or lady take offence that another dances the minuet before them, and that ladies who do not dance the minuet be content with back seats."

"The time for tea drinking is to be determined by the master of the ceremonies. Each person who drinks tea or a dish of chocolate is to pay sixpence, except ladies that dance, as it is customary for their partners to pay for them."

"Guide Book to Southampton," 1774.

A *Strange* ADDRESS BY MR. FREEMAN.

"Lo at thy feet a constant youth appears,  
Who than thy dormouse will more faithful prove."

"Verses to Delicia on the escape of her Dormouse."

"A sudden thought strikes me,—let us swear an eternal friendship."

J. Hookham Frere—"The Rovers."

## LA VIE AUX UNIVERSITÉS.

" . . . . . O pauvres pères ! hélas ! que vous estes deceuz en vos opinions ! car vous pensez, quand vous envoyez vos enfans aux universitez pour estudier, qu'un jour ils doivent estre l'honneur, la reputation et la gloire de vostre maison ; et, le plus souvent, ils sont la honte de vostre race, et la perte d'eux-mesmes, quand, oublians leur devoir, ils s'adonnent trop à leurs voluptez. Je ne dis pas que quelqu'un ne profite, mais je dys que d'une centaine il n'en vient un à bien."

*Pierre Larivey—"Les Escolliers."*

## THE WOMEN'S CORRIDOR.

"I never saw so many shocking bad hats in my life."

*Duke of Wellington—"Upon seeing the  
First Reformed Parliament."*

## MR. RIDGE.

"He might be a very clever man by nature for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move."

*Gregory—"Life of Robert Hall."*

## MR. MANLEY.

"He Greek and Latin speaks with greater ease  
Than hogs eat acorns and tame pigeons peas."

*Cranfield—"Panegyric on Tom Coviato."*

"At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down ; at her feet he bowed, he fell."

*"Book of Judges."*

## THE FOOTBALL CUP.

"What a goblet ! It is set round with diamonds from the mines of Eden ; it is carved by angelic hands, and filled at the eternal Fount of Goodness."

*Douglas Ferrol—"Specimens of Cup of Patience."*

## MR. JEANS.

"He coude songès make and wel endite."

*Chaucer.*



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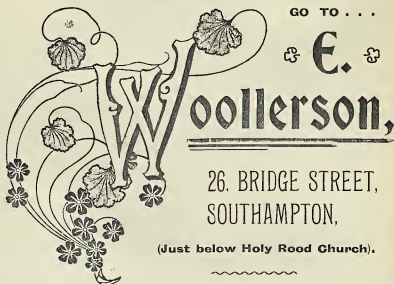
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"There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it a felony to drink small beer."

"*Henry VI., Part II.*

CERTIFICATE APPROACHING AND NO WORK DONE.

"Some of us will smart for it."

"*Much Ado About Nothin.*"

THE SEARCH FOR SITUATIONS.

"Expectation whirls me round.  
The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense."

"*Troilus and Cressida.*"

"The glories of the Possible are ours."

Bayard Taylor—"Picture of St. John."

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"Now I am in a holiday humour."

"*As You Like It.*"

MR. BENDREY AT CRICKET AND FOOTBALL.

"He hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how."

"*Much Ado About Nothing.*"

THE MAGAZINE SECRETARY.

"You have such a February face, so full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness."

*Ibid.*

THE PASSING OF THE SENIORS.

"Farewell! A word that must be, and hath been  
A sound which makes us linger;—yet farewell!"

Byron—"Childe Harold."

MR. BARTON . . . . . *e.g.*, WEDNESDAY AT 9.45 IN LIBRARY.

"The ladies call him sweet."

"*Love's Labour Lost.*"

FAREWELL.

"Here's my hand.  
 "And mine, with my heart in't. And now farewell  
 Till half an hour hence."

*"Tempest."*

"And good luck go with thee."

*"Henry V."*

MR. MANLEY.

"Away with him, away with him; he speaks Latin."

*"Henry VI."*

"MUSH" IN SEMI-CRICKET ATTIRE AT LYNTHURST.

"I should blush  
 To see you so attired."

*"Winter's Tale."*

MR. TULLY THE MISCHIEF-MAKER.

"'Cause I's wicked, I is. I's mighty wicked, anyhow. I  
 can't help it."

*H. B. Stowe—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."*

THE "EXCELSIOR" DUET.

"Nay, now you are too flat,  
 And mar the concord with too harsh a descant."

*"Two Gentlemen of Verona."*

THE HALF-PAST ELEVEN RING.

"Silence that dreadful bell."

*"Othello."*

MR. GEORGE SMITH & CO. AND THE REFRESHMENT TABLE.

"Ubi mel, ubi apes," or "Where there is honey there are  
 bees."

*Plantus.*

ADVICE TO MR. COOMBES.

"Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem" ("Mingle a little folly with your wisdom").

*Horace.*

MISS HAMILTON.

"And French she spake ful fayre and fetisly."

*Chaucer.*

THE CRICKET TEAM RETURNING FROM READING.

"For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing and singing of anthems."

*"Henry IV.," Part II.*

HYGIENE—SPECIMEN ANSWER TO A QUESTION ON "ACCOMMODATION."

"Accommodated: that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is—being—whereby—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing."

*Ibid.*

DR. CAVER'S INSTRUCTIONS IN BIOLOGY.

"Thus use your frog: Put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire, and in so doing use him as though you loved him."

*Izaak Walton—"Compleat Angler."*

PROF.:

"And how like you this student's life, Mr. ——?"

## STUDENT :

"Truly, Professor, in respect of itself, it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a student's life, it is naught. In respect that it is sociable, I like it very well ; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect that it is in the cricket fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not on the courts, it is tedious. As it is a lazy life, look you, it fits my humour ; but as there is too much work in it, it goes against my stomach."

*With all due apologies to Shakespeare . . . .*

## MEMBERS OF THE STAFF.

"People who are uncommonly clever and learned."

*Thackeray, with apologies.*



## HARTLEY BISCUITS. ❧ ❧



*For saying :—*

"The first poem *will be the second*,"

Miss Aubrey takes the biscuit.

*For casually remarking :—*

"Only a few of the sailors were able *to save themselves by drowning*,"

Miss Aubrey takes e'en a second biscuit.

*For saying :—*

"The dialect of Chaucer is the *same* as that of Langland *only with a difference*,"

Professor Masom takes the biscuit.

*For saying :—*

"Clear off any riders in Barrell *that are not there*,"

Professor Watkin takes the biscuit.

*For saying :—*

"The Congress of Vienna *is still sitting*,"

Mr. Barton takes the biscuit.

*For asking :—*

"Which word was it *you didn't hear*?"

Miss Hamilton takes the biscuit.

*For asking :—*

"Who wrote the letters of Queen Victoria?"

Miss Miles takes the biscuit.

*For omitting :—*

To send in her *territorial* form at the proper time,

Miss Lewis takes the biscuit.

*For saying :—*

"Robert Louis Stevenson married a *widower*,"

Miss E. L. Smith takes the biscuit.

*For asking :—*

“ Qui est ce qui aimerait *peigner* un tableau ? ”

Miss Bottomley takes the biscuit.

*For saying in a notice :—*

“ The new College *sight* is situated in Church Lane, High-field,”

Sergeant Collins takes the biscuit.

*For asking :—*

“ What are you going to do with a boy with whom you can do nothing ? ”

Mr. Denness takes the biscuit.

*For playing on organ :—*

The black notes of which were all white, and the white notes all black,

Mr. Leake takes the biscuit.

*For perpetrating :—*

“ Maggie Tulliver was a girl of a very warm *temperature*,”

Miss Peterson takes the biscuit.

*For translating :—*

“ In gremio caput deposuit ” as “ *she deposited her head on her lap*,”

Miss Lovell takes the biscuit.

*For saying—*

“ I forget where we left off *next time*,”

Mr. Dixon takes the biscuit.

*For saying—*

“ When a child opens its mouth . . . it is time for the teacher to step in,”

Miss Fage takes the biscuit.

*For saying—*

“ It's not correct, but it is exactly what I wanted,”

Mr. Collins takes the biscuit.

*For saying—*

“ I worked for a week on a potato,”

Miss Fage takes the biscuit.



*For saying—*

"We thus get an enormous area on a very small surface,"

Mr. Dixon takes the biscuit.

*For saying at the Tennis Courts—*

"Although I was stepping on it (a ball), I could not see it,"

Miss McLachlan takes the biscuit.

*For affixing, in the month of June, the following notice to the Reading Room door—*

"CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.—The Reading Room will be used for the above examination from *May 7th to May 11th*, inclusive,"

Mr. Kiddle takes the biscuit.

*For saying—*

"If you lived in an atmosphere of Hydrogen you'd die immediately,"

Mr. Suggate takes the biscuit.

*For saying—*

"What happens if you hit a *wide*

Mush Smith, a budding umpire,  
takes the biscuit.

*For saying—*

"Very often children have not their tails in the right places—I mean, not always of the right length,"

Miss Tucker takes the biscuit.

*For saying, at the Court Martial—*

"If there are only two in a class, and one cuts and the other cuts, *it is much worse for the one who doesn't cut*,"

His Honour Judge Toogood takes the biscuit.

*For saying—*

"Intervals may be augmented,"

Mr. Leake takes the CAKE (1st prize),  
and, incidentally, earns our warm commendation.

P.S.—Will he kindly mention the matter to the Senate?



THAT Mr. Eastwood "probably thinks."

---

THAT the morals of the Hartley students are so high by reason of the fact that they have a Chappel, an Archbishop, a Bishop, and Viccars.

---

THAT a book is shortly to be published setting forth the manner of seconding a vote of thanks at meetings of the Scientific Society.

---

THAT there will undoubtedly be a great rush for it in the W.C.R.

---

THAT M. Narcy will "take the two daughters."

---

THAT we would suggest that *one* be quite sufficient.

---

THAT at *some* College functions men *are* in the majority.

---

THAT the new Physical Laboratory boy is a mighty atom.

---

THAT handkerchiefs can be bought for a penny each.

THAT the lemon was much enjoyed, thank you! (No. 38).

---

THAT there is a difference between the shamrock and the clover.

---

THAT we must work it out to the nearest boy.

---

THAT a girl = 6d. less than a boy.

---

THAT these are the "illuminated ages."

---

THAT R.E.L. does not appreciate good music.

---

THAT in consequence, we shall "*have* to come down in the afternoons." *I* don't think.

---

THAT to obtain a new protégé, Miss D. will have uphill work.

---

THAT they sank the handbag "with honour down into the deep," also the threepences.

---

THAT someone is a button short, will another volunteer?

---

THAT *threats* of *such* chastisement would be effective with the second year women.

---

THAT this practice suggests the interchange of microbes.

---

THAT some of you will use your feet for another purpose, and that's walking out.

THAT Mr. R—<sup>2</sup>—r and Miss M—s—n declined to finish their conversation on the bridge. Why?

---

THAT Mr. Manley would like the address of the donor of the bows.

---

THAT he intends to return the *blue* one.

---

THAT once upon a time two sleek, well-fed dogs (nicknamed *Jerry* and *Mush*), quarrelled over an appetising biscuit.

---

THAT they determined to settle the dispute by tossing a coin.

---

THAT the winner, however, on going to claim the coveted prize, found he had been forestalled by a third hungry-looking dog named *Tim*.

---

THAT during a temporary lapse in a Hygiene lecture Mr. Toby Elton cried "Order! Order!! Chair!!! Chair!!!!" "Speak on, gentle Portia;" and she spake.

---

THAT for a certain cricket match a *linesman* was considered necessary by the College authorities.

---

THAT the two winners of the Football Cup—Messrs Freeman and Small—have had their photograph taken with that trophy between them.

---

THAT certain young gentlemen, having missed the train to Romsey, arrived there later in great style.

---

THAT others took the hint and proceeded to the Woolston Cricket Ground in a similar manner.

---

THAT one would not think Hartley was a poor college.

THAT a spectator of the ladder incident on the *Adriatic* remarked that he did not think college girls were so athletic.

---

THAT some of us would like to see the photographs taken by a certain bold young man on that occasion.

---

THAT the Senate of Cambridge University have forbidden actresses to act for the Dramatic Society.

---

THAT although we have no Dramatic Society, yet we have an Actress Text Book, Jeremiah.

---

THAT pitch-and-toss is a fine game, but although Jerry won, yet he lost.

---

THAT N. G. Webb's time machine must be in the Coll., since Mr. F-nn-y took the children back to the tune of "'Liza."

---

THAT Drake was a great seaman in those days.

---

THAT a certain student from St. Helens thought the manufacture of glass was a geographical subject. Pugh!

---

THAT History at Hartley is taught according to the *Herrbarty-ian* method.

---

THAT at least one of the clan has had to mind his P's and "khughes."

## UNTHINKABLES, X X

+ + +

IF Mr. Perry lost that worried look.

---

IF the arguments during Physics lectures were not so *Child-ish*.

---

IF we *were* anything but ordinary workmen's daughters.

---

IF the seniors should behave like *gentlemen* in Hygiene lectures !!!!

---

THAT some of the seniors should have bought copies of *Lyster*.

---

IF mixed tennis playing *were* abolished.

---

THAT the ladies were not in favour of a tennis picnic.

---

THAT Mr. Leake should have been so insulted !



## MRS. TARTLET, MINNE-HA-HA &amp; Co.

\* \* \*

THE room was in a very disturbed state of mind. Yea! even the abode of those fair damsels renowned far and wide for their tidiness and seemly deportment. Beds "shooshed" hither and thither, chairs standing round in staring rows, and "pretty little chuckles from nowhere," all betokened the coming of a great event.

So did the sentry-like attitude of Marie Hynelam, Mistress of the Ceremonies, the hasty preparations of Pomm, the mysterious running to-and-fro of Evangeline, the fair Puritan maid, and the Abolition of the Standard Bread Act of Juliet, squatting on the bed.

See! they come, and even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like some of these. Marie ushered them in, announcing each fresh arrival with due pomposity and dignity. Romeo at the head, nor as formerly clad in "night's cloak," but, forsooth, in the conventional garb of a Hartley student, and regaling himself, not with the sweet words from Juliet's mouth, but with appetising "doorsteps."

But see the apparition following close on his heels ——, a Scarlet Mr. E, with strange whiteness at the "ball and socket" region of each arm. In a whisper, awed, they ask, as did the skipper's daughter in days of yore, "Oh! say, what may it be?" and like the foghorn comes the answer, "I'm—— Bust!"

Gollywog next, resplendent in a coiffure equalling in magnitude that of Shock-headed Peter, and one of which Paderewski need not have been ashamed, and, moreover, reminding one of the proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,"—Gollywog, I say, bounds and rebounds with the agility of a Jack-in-the-Box.

But the belle of the evening is Minne-ha-ha. Minne-ha-ha, you must know, is "one of those globules of human quicksilver one sees now and then; she is, in fact, two globules; her head is one, her body is another in activity and shape, 'totus teres atque rotundus.'" She rolls as far as the third flower from the door on the magnificent Turkey carpet (*alias* Goose linoleum) then "flops," out of breath, as though she were another Mrs. Jerry. Ay, she's Minne-ha-ha, but Minne-ha-ha transformed, and, behold, she wears a kilt, surmounted by a jacket of a beautiful green, and, to crown it all, 'a wears a lock, and seems

to be doing her utmost to fulfil the injunction of a star among the Hartley staff,—“Keep an end in view.” Can ye guess, ye readers of riddles, what she is called.

Minne-ha-ha is accompanied by an Irish edition of *Hiawatha*, clad in that glorious shade of Oirish green so characteristic of the Emerald Isle. And now in quick succession flock in a tiny Bluebell, and—most strange phenomenon—a walking Draughts-board, (evidently a believer of the hand-work theory had recently got beyond the exercise stage). Glory, with her golden dresses flowing in their rich profusion, Maud, yet only ?-teen, but withal “tall and stately,” the Cambrian Prima Donna, surnamed Babs the Impossible, impossible as ever, besides other celebrities such as Théodore Agrippa D'Aubigné, and Tennyson's lady, the “faintly smiling.”

Ah! “silence, beautiful voice,” the dramatic performance is about to begin. The theme is concerning the woes and troubles of Mrs. Tartlet. Let me attempt to describe Mrs. Tartlet, and yet I may not in any way hope that my pen will adequately perform its duty. She, too, is best described as made up of two globules, but her globules are to Minne-ha-ha's as 4—1. She is, indeed, spherical, and look! away she goes at the rate of one inch per second, per second, “not up and down the room, but slanting and tacking like a knight on a chess-board.”

Poor Mrs. Tartlet, what a life is hers. With thieves in the neighbourhood, she obtains but little of that “gentle thing, beloved from pole to pole,” for, alas, she is tormented by fears that the knaves may rob her of her prowess in 'istory. And, indeed, with but too much foundation, for hark! who makes that loud knocking at the door? Milly, the maid, bravely encounters the intruder with the carving knife. Tuli, who fears no foe, with great courage hides himself under the table. Only with great difficulty can the sphere be brought to understand that the thief is no other than the Hon. Gerry Mire paying a friendly visit to an old acquaintance.

So ends the farce amid laughter and jollity, and now the Prima Donna endeavours to charm the company with certain dulcet sounds to the time-honoured tune of “Darlie Chigby.” Alas! she fails but too signally, resolving herself into naught but “laughter, holding both her sides.”

From behind the screen there glides—what? A bashful man, clad in tap hot and mockintash, who, strange to tell, has courage enough to relate to this 'igh society his unfortunate adventures—how he sat on the needle of a lady's fancy work, and was too shy to get up; how he enquired after the health



of an old lady who had been dead some years; and how he went without "whip" to his strawberries because he did not believe in corporal punishment (having recently studied the Board of Education regulations).

An oration next from Minne-ha-ha, in which certain knotty questions were debated—"Was Hamlet a kukoo?" "Did Matthew Arnold ever learn La? un," and "Did Tennyson best show his genius in 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' or 'The Phoenix and the Turtle?'" Amid loud acclamations the two globules sit down, and Juliet, pale and trembling, arises:

"She sings a sweet 'drawing-room song,' dears,  
A sweet little drawing-room song,  
Of mother, and piggies, and grunts, dears,  
And a moral that isn't too long!"

(Fine example of bathos, that, worthy of a place in Abbot and Seeley.) I may say that a certain "attenuated and fleeting" gentleman, "sober, steadfast, and demure,"—much honoured, moreover, by the Hartley students—has once greatly admired that song, only unfortunately his training in zoology had been so sadly neglected that he thought the grunts proceeded from chicks! (\*)

To proceed. Miss Marie Stynelam, the celebrated acrobat in collaboration with Minne, etc., now perform a sword-dance—agreeing with the ridiculous definition of Aristotle in time, place, and obviation of danger, sticks being employed—a sword-dance, I repeat, in which both Marie and that quintessence of rotundity, her companion, secure much applause through their agility.

Listen! the clock strikes—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten! How dreadfully late!! The revellers must depart. But before the final act of separation the old room, once honoured as the sleeping chamber of a monarch, re-echoes to the sounds of "Auld Lang Syne" and the "Gobli," and the poor floor is sorely wounded by the stamps accompanying the strains of Ena-Tena. The Black Marias, aeroplanes, and other omnibuses arrive—the orgies

---

(\*) Who *can* that "attenuated and fleeting" gentleman be, I wonder?  
SUB.-ED.

are done, the dissipators dispersed, beds are "shooshed" back, chairs no longer stare in rows. The time is "quiet as a run." All is darkness as the weary ones droop:

"Tired eyelids over tired eyes."

## LOST AND FOUND. ❧

▼ ▼ ▼

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LOST.—Several relatives of various descriptions. Will they please return?

LOST.—Every day, a great deal of dignity.



## REMINISCENCES OF TRAVEL.

♦ ♦ ♦

GENTLE READER,

I do not ask that you should conjure up in your mind an image of an eastern bazaar, with its brilliant sunshine and variegated colours; I shall not trouble you to come with me to burning deserts nor yet to the virgin forests of Africa or South America; I do not purpose to introduce to you the circle of my acquaintance on board a great liner; for these, alas, I have visited in dreams alone. I cannot therefore harrow your feelings by stories of head hunters or of the lion at bay, tales of sacrificial rites and cannibalistic feasts. And I am afraid that even in dreams the splendours of European cities teeming with life evade the flights of my fancy. In fact I have seen nothing that probably you also have not seen, for I have never been beyond the narrow seas. But it is not my intention to speak of fashionably dressed crowds at some stylish watering-place; I could not, if I would, describe the beauty that is in nature. In short, what I propose to do is to tell just a few of the many, to me, amusing things that have come to my notice in the train between my home and Southampton. When first I entered the train at S— to take what was then the seven hours' journey, I rather dreaded the prospect of this ordeal twice a term. I fear it no longer, but am only too sorry that soon I shall not be so privileged.

My first acquaintance, the only one I had that day, was a woman. The train had scarcely begun to move when she began to talk. Having ascertained that we should travel together as far as Southampton, she assured me how fortunate I was to fall in with such an experienced travelling-companion as herself, yet if she asked one porter where she had to change she asked a dozen, and, after getting a civil answer, contradicted each one and told him the last porter had told her such a place. Then followed the story of her life. She was a governess; but not an ordinary, common, everyday sort of governess. O dear, me! She would not take a place in England; her pupils must be leaving the country for two or three years. In this manner she had managed to visit every country in Europe—practically all, though she hadn't been to Russia, Norway, Sweden, the Peninsula, Italy, or some of the Balkan States. Information is very useful; so I was told the correct pronunciation of the name of each country visited, of its capital, of its king or president. To this list was added the chief industry, river,

characteristics of the people, and, in the appropriate tongue, the polite way of saying "Yes, please," "No, thank you," "Could you tell me the way to the station?" and so on. My acquaintance was about to proceed to Portugal to take up an appointment there. I, for one at least, was not sorry. Some eighteen months later, however, I entered an express at Euston. It struck me that I had seen the lady on the opposite side of the compartment before, but she steadily avoided my eye. Deep in conversation with a third person she was saying. "O yes, you know. I always spend my holidays abroad. I couldn't endure an English winter! And then you can always depend upon the *class* of English people abroad, and the natives treat you so well." At Crewe both ladies got out; whilst the one was speaking to a porter my acquaintance turned and with a stately bow and gracious smile wished me "Good afternoon."

The only other occasion on which I journeyed with a confessedly much-travelled woman was somewhat different. She expressed her delight that the windows were open, and gave quite a long lecture on the benefits of fresh air. But there was a slight draught from the window, would the other occupants of the compartment object if the window were closed and the door into the corridor opened? It was done. But there was still a draught, it must be coming from a window some four or five yards down the corridor; this too was closed. But then, you see, the railway carriages are of such inferior make in England; the draught remained. The door was shut, the air became more and more stuffy. This by no means meant that the discourse on the value of fresh air was at an end; it was but slightly altered into a lament that in England one must be so careful not to sit in a draught.

One lady informed me that she would not be going as far north as myself, but that the young gentleman who was asleep on the opposite side was doing so. Then she began to describe very graphically how he and his fiancé had tried to make their adieux, but had been unable to do so because the train began to move. Her description was really funny—I wish I could reproduce it—and she ended up by saying "I was really very sorry, but I couldn't help laughing." Neither could I. Just at that minute the young man "asleep" heaved a sigh, opened his eyes, looked straight at us, and opened a newspaper, behind which he also began to laugh!

Now I happen to possess an alarm clock which, like most of its kind, has an inordinately loud tick. The night before I brought it to Southampton I unfortunately wound it up to its full extent, with the result that it was still going when I packed

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it in my bag and set out on my journey. I forgot all about the clock, put my bag on the rail and settled myself down to read. At ——— a strong, well-built, man entered and took the opposite seat. Some time passed and the train stopped outside a station. Immediately the ticking became audible. The man listened a few seconds, looked alarmed, glanced up and down in a most excited manner and began to feel the cushions. I assured him that the noise proceeded from a clock in my bag. "O, it does, does it. Thanks!" he said, and sat down trying to look as though he believed me. Suddenly, just as the train began to move, he seized hat, bag, and stick and rushed for all he was worth out of the carriage and down the corridor. The noise of the train again sounded above the ticking, and I was left in peace. That same day, it being about the time that Violet Charlesworth disappeared, a policeman and two porters entered the carriage and took my ticket number, destination and so forth. The ticking didn't seem to trouble them.

On another occasion two young gentlemen and myself wished to take tea. We informed the waiter of the fact. Ten minutes later he returned, led us to the opposite end of the train, showed us to a table laid for three, then apologized for the fact that the corridor was now closed. We should be able to get back to our own compartment an hour and a half later at Willesden.

I was once both annoyed and amused at the following incident. Just as the train was due out, an irate man and his wife entered the compartment, the door closed and we were off. The conversation went somewhat in this manner. "How much did you pay for the gloves?" "One-and-three." "What! You paid one-and three of my money for a pair of gloves! You ought to be ashamed to own it, I'm perfectly sure a shilling pair would have been better." "Perhaps they wouldn't have worn as long." "Humph, doubtful, very! You paid so much at Jones' and twopence-halfpenny at Smith's. Then you should have three-halfpence change. Where is it?" "In my bag, I'll give it to you when we get home." "Will you, indeed. I tell you I'll have it now."

The poor woman, for on this occasion it was the woman who was the victim, fumbled in her bag for the coins, produced them, and was handing them over when the train jolted, the halfpenny fell. Immediately there came forth a storm of abuse concerning the failings of women in general and of one woman in particular. After the woman had searched the floor for some minutes he said, "I suppose that now I shall have to give you some of my matches." The matchbox was handed

over, but the few matches used were carefully counted. "I suppose I shall have to look for it." The man rose, the half-penny was on the seat and had been hidden by his coat. What happened I don't know, the train had stopped and the pair alighted.

The last journey worthy of note presents a decided contrast to all the rest. I entered an empty compartment at the West, deposited my baggage and turned towards the door. A certain well-known and much respected Hartleyan, whom I had not the pleasure to be acquainted with, entered. I took off my hat and began to nod or otherwise amuse myself. My travelling companion sat still without doing anything. Even his hat remained glued to his head. It was so hot in the compartment that I should have liked to remove my coat, but how could I when the gentleman's coat-collar was still turned up? At the end of three and a half hours other passengers entered. Leaving the train at the same station we proceeded to the same booking office. There we said good afternoon and parted. I had obtained my wish—a journey without dogs, canaries, or loquacious strangers—but it was certainly queer to me.

## WE WANT TO KNOW;—

▼ ▼ ▼

If "poached eggs on soap" is a new health food.

The difference between a wren and a robin.

What "the basket" is.

If a certain method of punishment quoted by an Education Lecturer is likely to be introduced at Hartley.

What the child's mother would have said if her worse half had not prevented her.

Why a certain lady student's English resembles a string of sausages.

If Maggie Tulliver's temperature was measured by a Fahrenheit or a Centigrade thermometer.

If the Lock-step is a new drill step, and if it is considered graceful.

If pink laburnum is the result of looking at things through rose-coloured spectacles.



What is the best way to talk without making a noise especially in English lectures.

Why college ink is always either dried up or reduced to mud.

What will happen when certain present students leave Hartley.

If the something ever took her.

What the special attraction for Hartley students at the corner opposite the Library at 1.20, or thereabouts, consists of.

If fans and furnaces produce a head, what will produce a foot.

If the saturation point goes up, whether preparation for leaping is advisable in order to get over it.

If the crowd of men at the end of the Hall at social functions know that they suffer from "negative self-feeling."

## TRANSLATION HOWLERS.

▼ ▼ ▼

Ils portaient des besicles—They were carrying bicycles.

Hors d'œuvre—Out of work.

Un sergent de band—Band-master.

Un spectre solaire—A solitary spectre.

Une blessure sur la jambe droite—A blessing on the right leg.

Il porta un crêpe à son chapeau—He carried a pancake in his hat.

Ils marchaient le cimeterre au côté—They marched at the side of the cemetery.

Il parla à peine dix mots—He spoke ten words in pain.

Un portrait en pied—A pavement portrait.

Cela fait dresser les cheveux sur la tête—That makes horses stand on their heads.

Ces deux chiens sont aux prises—These two dogs are prize winners.

J'étais très content de le voir au spectacle—I was very glad to see him in spectacles.

Chacun a son goût—Everyone has his gout.

# SMILES. x x x

\* \* \*



FINAL HONOURS STUDENT IN MODERN LANGUAGES (hurrying to Coll., and colliding with a portly-looking individual): "Allez au diable, monsieur!"

PORTLY INDIVIDUAL (unwilling to confess his ignorance of French): "Granted, sir; granted."

A PROPOS of the recent visit to H.M.S. *Dreadnought* in the Portsmouth Dockyard, the remarks passed by some students as to the feverish haste with which the Dockyard men were seen to be working remind us of a certain anecdote which has been handed down from generation to generation of Portsmouthians, and serves to indicate the ever-prevailing love of hard work which has always been connected with this Dockyard. We repeat it for the benefit of the Northerners and Welsh.

It appears that six burly labourers in single file were marching in measured step and with painful solemnity which would have done credit to a funeral march across the Dockyard. Such a spectacle could not have been uncommon, for no one appeared to notice them until they reached the opposite extremity of the yard, when a certain official, somewhat more alert than the majority, approached them and demanded of the first what they thought they were doing.

The first man roused himself from the lethargy into which all six had fallen, and, touching his cap, said, "We be jist takin' this 'ere plank down to the warehouse, sir."

The official, with an impatient air, demanded, "What plank?"

The man thereupon, with an amusing expression on his face, turned round, and seeing no plank reposing on his shoulder or on those of the men behind him, exclaimed to the man next to him, with a great air of astonishment, "Why, blow me, Bill, if we ain't gone an' fergotten the plank!"

## ENGINEERING PAGE.    ❧    ❧

♦   ♦   ♦

THERE is not a great deal to record this term, as we are WORKING !!! One Thursday whilst we were at the above occupation there was a bump. Five minutes later Jake came in for his books which he had left on the desk. That desk must have been outside the window.

Also Mr. J-cks-n wanted to give his books a wash—at least he left them out in the rain.

We spent a night on the Common, but Mr. J-cks-n had to go home early, as they would not let him have a latch key. We think that our lecturers should take care what they put on the board. What with Jack the Ripper and an overflowing dam, the morals of those ladies who use No. 31 in the dinner hour might be corrupted (if possible).

The Professor is much worried, as he has found the Senior Engineers working instead of eating. But he does not think we do the former as well as we do the latter.

In former times the balances in hydraulic Lab. have been used for weighing live stock. But this term no ladies have presented themselves. Is it because the Hostel food is so good that they are afraid of breaking the machines?

The attendances at the mathematics have been so great this term that we have been forced to hold overflow meetings—in the Common Room.

Also that in the mathematics class, ambidexterity is taught though the letters. Should not be reversed.

Unaccountably this fails to please. Why?

This being the last term for many of us, we wish everyone good luck, both those who are remaining and those who are departing—departing in an odour of sanctity and saltpetre though I am afraid there is more saltpetre than sanctity.

“ENGINEERING.”

## FOR SALE AND WANTED.

\* \* \*

WANTED.—A cycle for a two-year-old.

WANTED.—Brains, by people taking exams.

FOR SALE.—A mental note-book. Apply a certain science student.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF A BASHFUL ONE.

✧ ✧ ✧

ARE the Härtley dances enjoyed by all who attend them? We raise the question, not because (as a certain lecturer so often insists) it is desirable to arouse the questioning attitude at the beginning, but because we desire to point out one or two phenomena which seem to lead to a negative answer.

A stranger at one of the dances would notice a curious thing. He would observe that while those dancing are hugely enjoying themselves, there is at one end of the hall a small group of men who are obviously ill-at-ease. These non-dancers, while endeavouring to appear confident and self-possessed, show unmistakeable signs of discomfort. They are excited, and try to appear gay by laughing uproariously at the weakest witticisms; bursts of forced laughter alternate with looks of glum dissatisfaction. What, reader, is the matter with these men?

Briefly, they want to dance, *but dare not*.

Why dare they not dance? Is it a lack of terpsichorean skill? This, no doubt, is partly the cause, but the important

thing lies much deeper. Follow in part the social development of one of these men, and the most important element in the cause will be discovered.

He comes to college and finds that dances form an important part in the social life. He attends these dances, and, to gain expertness, attends also certain informal dances conducted by good-willed members of the staff. But at the dances proper he seems to lack courage to dance, and joins the company of others in the same predicament. After two or three attendances without taking part he determines to join in the dancing. On the fateful evening he puts off action until after the interval.

Fortified with refreshments, he (while trying to appear unconcerned) timidly walks up to one of the women who he thinks will be particularly charitable and blushinglly falters, "P—p—please may I have——?" She smiling interrupts, remarking that she is sorry, but is engaged for the dance. Without another word he hurriedly returns with crimson face to his comrades.

He then thinks it over, and realises that there was nothing terrible in the incident. He feels he has been somewhat foolish, and decides to keep his head next time. For the second time he ventures away from the sweet companionship of his friends, and asks for the pleasure of a dance. ("Is *this* pleasure?" he thinks.) The lady is quite agreeable. (He feels greatly relieved.) He excuses himself for being a bad-dancer, but as she does not appear to mind they commence dancing. By the end of the dance he is quite pleased. "I've done well, considering . . . Why didn't I try before? There's nothing really hard about it, and it's jolly fine," he thinks.

At the next attempt he is more confident. He makes remarkable progress, and by the end of his first year he has quite forgotten that once he was a member of the Bashful Ones.



## AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.—Concluded.

+ + +

EVERYTHING in Paris being constructed principally with an eye to beauty and adornment, one would naturally expect to find there examples of the Parisiens' art in laying out and cultivating public gardens and parks; and again our expectations are fully realised. No city, perhaps, has finer gardens than Paris, either for their magnitude and extent or for the æsthetic taste with which they are tended by skilled gardeners and expert horticulturists. No expense is spared by the town in their maintenance, and nothing is lacking which can add to the artistic nature of their appearance. The city of Paris, happily situated right in the midst of some of the finest and most beautiful woods of Europe, is not only incomparable in itself, but can hardly be surpassed by any capital for the picturesque nature of its surroundings. In a region where it is impossible to find either abrupt mountains, impetuous torrents, or dense forests, it appears that nature has condescended to furnish around the capital a replica in miniature, so to speak, of all its beauties. The artistic genius of the Frenchman has done the rest. What gardens there are within the fortifications designed and constructed by man, are reproduced by nature without, and in contrast to the *Jardins du Luxembourg, des Tuileries*, etc., within the boundaries of Paris, we have the more natural woods without, adorned and embellished by man's skill, in the *Bois de Boulogne, de Meudon, de St. Cloud, de Vincennes*, etc. Of these the one which demands most urgent treatment, although it is not situated within the fortifications, is the *Bois de Boulogne*. This celebrated wood was formerly the Forest of Rouvray, which at the time when Paris was still Lutetia covered all the right bank of the Seine and extended to the Louvre. From the twelfth century it has been called the Forest of Boulogne, although the parish of Boulogne was not founded till early in the fourteenth century. Immense sums of money have been spent in converting it from a wild vegetation of a virgin forest to its present beautiful appearance; and no one who has visited it will question that the effect has fully justified the outlay. In addition to the general improvements wrought by tending the trees and cultivating flower-beds, etc., two large lakes have been constructed, the larger of which contains in its centre two small islands of the utmost charm and beauty, connected together by a small bridge. There is also a fine large cascade and innumerable small

streams, which wind and circulate throughout the wood, ever and anon bubbling and rippling over artificial rocks which they encounter, and forming numerous miniature cascades. Here also is situated the renowned Hippodrome of *Longchamp* in the district of *Auteuil*, consisting of a vast plain where the Paris races take place, and where the Annual Review of July 14th is held. Within the borders of this wood too, are numerous smaller gardens, exceedingly attractive, and cultivated and tended with infinite care and ingenuity. For example there is the *Jardin d'Acclimatation*, a kind of zoological gardens, and a very popular resort of *Parisiens* on Sunday. In particular, the seals which are fostered there are of a fine species, and outrival both in number and size those of the larger *Jardin des Plantes*, which is situated within the fortifications. The official denomination of this latter, which takes the place in Paris of the London Zoo, is the *Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle*. Everyone, however, persists in calling it the *Jardin des Plantes*, in spite of the fact not one in a hundred of its visitors takes the trouble to glance at the thousand-and-one species of plants which are exposed under their eyes, labelled like a chemist's bottles, the better to facilitate one's acquaintance with them. The average visitor bestows most of his attention upon the various species of lions, bears, elephants, etc., of which there is an extensive variety, far exceeding that afforded by the *Jardin d'Acclimatation*. However, the latter is far more select, and the resort of people of better class than those who frequent the *Jardin des Plantes*, which is open gratis to the public. Perhaps the most charming spot in the whole wood is the *Pré Catlan*, a little garden adorned with all the infinite variety of nature directed by human agency; a spot that would send an artist into raptures and provide him with material for many weeks' work and fully repay his labour. Men of the Rousseau type, perhaps, would find that the handiwork of man was too plainly visible, and that nature was too fettered and hindered by his so-called artistic taste. A similar spot is the charming *Palais* and *Jardin de Bagatelle*, constructed in 1777 by the Comte d'Artois, who had wagered 100,000 francs with Marie Antoinette that two months would suffice for its construction. Its "*Roseraie*," containing a very fine collection of roses of every species, deserves special mention. Let us conclude this description of the wood by mentioning its magnificent *Avenue des Acacias*, which is almost unrivalled in Europe.

Naturally other public gardens of Paris would suffer somewhat in comparison with the *Bois de Boulogne*, and a detailed description of them would be somewhat *de trop*. Nevertheless,

there are many within the boundaries of the city, such as the *Jardins du Luxembourg*, the *Parc Montsouris*, the *Buttes Chaumont*, etc., which would call for description did space permit. Suffice it to say that they are in keeping with the remainder of the attractions of Paris, and do justice to the Frenchman's artistic taste.

A source of great interest to visitors is to study Paris from a historic point of view; and, indeed, few great European cities can trace a more complete and connected history than Paris. Geographers explain the great development of Paris with reference to its physical situation on the Seine, which destined it from the first to be a privileged site to entice, retain, and fix a numerous population. Its origin dates from the time when a tribe of Gauls named the *Parisii* installed itself upon the small island of *Lutetia*, some two thousand years ago—the island now known as the *Ile-de-Cité*, the cradle of modern Paris. The *Parisii* were then quite an unimportant tribe, and did not take their name till the time of the Roman emperors. Among others, the Emperors Chlorus and Julian lived a great deal at Paris. Christianity arrived at the banks of the Seine with St. Denis, in the second or third century, and St. Geneviève settled there in the fifth. The Frank emperor Clovis made it his home, and created it the capital of the Frankish states. In the thirteenth century the city was greatly extended by Philip Augustus; and henceforth Paris has been not only the capital of France, but the centre of French art, literature, and social progress. Hence, as would be expected, Paris presents now many souvenirs of its historic past, which are a great source of interest to both Frenchmen and foreigners alike. We have already pointed out most of the buildings of historic interest in Paris, such as *Notre Dame*, the *Sainte Chapelle*, etc. Two other interesting buildings of the fifteenth century are worth mention, namely, the *Hôtel de Cluny*, which has been called the jewel of the French Renaissance, and which is one of the finest existing monuments of the Gothic Flamboyant style; and the *Hôtel de Sens*, the old palace of the Archbishops of Sens, a perfect specimen of the architecture of the Middle Ages, with no trace of the Renaissance influence. The latter is now used for business purposes, whereas the *Hôtel de Cluny* is now a museum of historic domestic art, containing curious relics of the art and usages of the French people from the earliest ages; and, in particular, specimens of ancient furniture, carriages, faïence (a rich kind of painted earthenware), jewels, etc. It is particularly famous, too, for possessing within its enclosures the oldest monument of ancient *Lutetia* which



remains standing; namely, the ruins of the old Roman thermal baths, known as the *Palais des Thermes*. This was constructed by Chlorus early in the fourth century, and it was there that Emperor Julian was proclaimed in 360.

Many objects of historic interest are to be found in the *Musée Carnavalet*, specially devoted to the history of Paris. Numerous curious relics are to be seen here, as, for example, in the *Salle de la Bastille*, which contains many interesting relics of the period of the Revolution; and, among others, a model of the Bastille carved in one of its actual stones by a prisoner who owed his freedom to the destruction of the Bastille.

One other historic structure must be mentioned before leaving this subject, namely, the ancient *Arènes* of Paris, which were discovered only recently quite by chance. Like all the great cities of central Gaul, Paris has its Arena; and for long scholars were aware, through the information afforded by ancient chronicles, that an amphitheatre existed on the left bank of the Seine, but they were uncertain as to the exact site. However, in 1869 the excavations made in constructing a dépôt for omnibusses brought to light this ancient treasure, a veritable triumph of archæology. As war burst out almost immediately, they were neglected for some twenty years, but finally they were restored. It is true that in their present state, owing to the thoroughness with which they have been renovated, they awake but few memories of the third century. Yet in another fifteen centuries they should present a perfect specimen of work accomplished some thirty centuries previous.

With them we will conclude our survey of Paris, with its wonders and glories, being content to have indicated its chief attractions. Charles V. had cried once in his enthusiasm, "Paris is not a town, it is a world!" What would he say of it to-day!

F.T.T.

## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

\* \* \*

ON account of the excellent weather this spring and summer the later meetings of the Society were comparatively scantily attended. However, the numbers compare favourably with attendances at meetings in previous sessions, and the record numbers to the early meetings must be regarded as phenomenally high rather than those of the latter ones as abnormally low.

The last lecture given last term, that on "The Evolution of the Elements," by A. F. Graham, was of interest to every scientist, since it dealt with that fundamental something which we call matter. "Are we made of electricity or are we simply chunks of motion?" The lecturer gave a short history of the development of the periodic theory of the elements, outlining the work of Lothar Meyer and Mendeléef. He then stated how this was suggestive of evolution and how this suggestion was borne out by radio-activity. After describing and illustrating the election theory, the lecturer went on to discuss recent theories of evolution. The experiments, projected on the screen by means of the lantern were very successful, and numerous slides were shown.

On 25th April, C. D. Banes gave a lecture on "Eggs." The Lecturer apologised for the title and asked the audience to regard the paper as being on "The Theory of Recapitulation in Animals." The fundamental facts were stated in a comprehensive manner, and then the development of two types, the frog and the chick, was fully explained. It was shown by illustrations how, in their individual development, these two animals recapitulate the history of their respective races. Lantern slides were shown giving the various stages in the development of the echinoderms and crustaceans. Much interest was taken in the specimens provided, especially in the three-day incubated chick, the heart of which could distinctly be seen to beat.

The last lecture of the session took place on 9th May: H. F. Crook gave an interesting lecture on "Spinning Tops." The dynamical laws involved and the more general properties of spinning bodies were first fully discussed. The nature and precession in a spinning top were described and reference was made to the precession of the earth. The obstinacy of a revolving mass to a change in the plane of rotation was beautifully shown, and the application of this principal to the mono-rail and torpedo was described. It was shown why a rifle shot always veered towards the left, and why, at the same time, its axis always remained in the same direction. In the discussion which followed, the use of gyroscopes for steadying ships and aeroplanes was debated, as was also the gyroscopic action of bicycle wheels on the equilibrium of the bicycle.

Lectures have now given place to visits to places of scientific interest. The first visit was a sequel to the lecture on "Wireless Telegraphy," and was to be an inspection of the Marconi Installation on S.S. "Adriatic"; at the same time it was arranged to inspect the whole of the boat. About sixty students wended their way to the berth of the White Star liner; the party was shown through the many saloons and allowed to peep into the passengers cabins. The elegance and elaborate design of the former and the comfort and complete outfit of the latter filled everyone with awe and admiration. A feature of interest was the magnetically controlled clocks; "They jump," as someone crudely put it. In other words, the hands only move at the end of every minute, such motion being controlled by a master clock and electrical apparatus. The view from the bridge was

marred to a great extent by the weather. A few unfortunates found to their chagrin that the paint up there was wet in more senses than one, but no serious damage was inflicted. One source of much amusement was the gym room, the apparatus being set in motion for our especial benefit. Those who strided the sturdy steed or perched themselves upon the prancing palfrey received pleasure and experience, and, at the same time, gave amusement to others. One would have liked to linger longer in such a place. We were now led down steep steps into the engine-room. To one who visits the place for the first time it seems an entire medley of iron platforms, bridges, and ladders, arranged in a haphazard sort of way amongst cylinders and tanks, shafts and and pipes, and nuts and bolts. A few adventurous ones proceeded into the stoke-hole where were boilers and furnaces galore. Moreover there was much coal and coal dust there. Proceeding from the engine-room in the opposite direction where the propeller shafts, — massive beams of steel carrying all the energy required to drive the majestic monster through the mighty deep. The Marconi Room formed the next object of interest. Difficulties, however, arose at this point for the room was somewhat difficult of access. Nevertheless the ascent was braved by not a few, who, however, met nothing but disappointment. The key of the operators room was not to be found. The descent, though perilous, was managed without mishap, and the whole party proceeded to the kitchen. After witnessing the boiling of an egg and the manner in which it was automatically lifted out of the water when done, we where conducted to the first-class dining saloon. Here an unexpected treat awaited us in the form of an excellent tea. We did justice to the provisions and afterwards gave three cheers for the White Star Company. This was followed by the College "war cry," and everyone left satisfied with the two-and-half hours spent on the boat. Our best thanks are due to Mr. Blake, who personally conducted us over the boat, pointing out things of interest and doing everything for the comfort and edification of the visitors.

On 17th May the Society paid a visit to "Le Dansk" Margarine Factory, at Northam, where the whole process of manufacturing "artificial butter" was explained by the courteous Manager. The universal cleanliness of all parts of the factory, and of the operatives, together with the excellence and purity of the raw materials used, completely dispelled any prejudices against margarine which may have been previously entertained by any of the members of the Society,

The visitors first inspected the engine-room, where the mechanical and electric power used in the factory is generated, and attention was specially drawn to the large refrigerating machines which maintain a supply of iced water for use in the process. After visiting the dairy, through which a fabulous supply of unskimmed milk passes daily, they were conducted through a great packing-case store, where a great variety of receptacles for the finished margarine are seen, ranging from boxes and tubs to market baskets and "corks" of various sizes and shapes, and including air-tight tins, which carry the fame of Southampton all over the world.

The whole process was next shown, from the raw materials to the finished product. Samples of the three fats were tasted—oleo-margarine, prepared from pure beef fat; a quite tasteless lard, produced from pure leaf lard; and cocoanut butter. These are melted in huge vats, warmed by hot-water pipes, are mixed in the right proportions in a curiously devised truck, and delivered into the churns which are placed on the floor below. The mixture is next churned with milk at a definite temperature, and on issuing from the churns is cooled by a stream of ice-cold water, which, besides washing, solidifies and granulates the fat.

It is then collected and well kneaded together, this being a most interesting process to watch. The automatic weighing machines, which do not really weigh, but measure, form an interesting example of the practical application of the science of mensuration.

The Southampton Gas Works formed the subject of the next visit. Here, again, the party were most cordially received, and conducted over the works in a most thorough and interesting manner. The fact that impressed one throughout was that nothing material was wasted, and that every form of energy was utilized in some way or other. The party was shown the appliances for landing the coal from barges and for conveying it direct to the retorts. The machinery for emptying the retorts of red-hot coke and for refilling them with coal was of the most up-to-date kind, and the process was watched with interest. The apparatus for freeing the gases from tar, for cooling, for extracting the ammonia, and for scrubbing were all in turn pointed out and described. From the scrubbers the gases pass to three reservoirs, one of which has a capacity of over 2,000,000 cubic feet. Besides the direct production of coal gas many minor, but none the less important, products are obtained. From the ammoniacal liquor is prepared ammonium sulphate, important both as a manure and in chemical industries. The coal gas is enriched by water gas, a mixture of carbon monoxide and hydrogen, which increases its illuminating power. The production of this gas requires a complete plant of its own. Not the least interesting part of the works was the department for cleaning and repairing gas stoves, for which new buildings have just been erected. After being conducted throughout the works the party was kindly entertained to tea by the Directors. The tea was as unexpected as it was welcome, and our best thanks are due to the Directors of the Company for an instructive and interesting afternoon.

On 25th May about seventy students took advantage of the visit to Portsmouth Dockyard and H.M.S. "Dreadnought." The journey was made by boat, and the party arrived at the Dock Gates at 2 p.m. Here a policeman took charge and conducted us round the Docks to the battleship. Once on board the party split up into several groups, and each group was conducted over the ship, the objects of interest being pointed out, and their action and use described. Some went down into the engine-room, whilst some ascended to the turret-top. All enjoyed the visit. On disembarking the policeman again took charge, and we were conducted by another route back to the Dock Gates. Tea formed the next item on the programme, and after that the visitors made their way to Southsea, returning from Clarence Pier at 7.30. This visit has been the most popular of all the meetings of the Society held so far.

The following Wednesday a party journeyed to Rogers' Red Lodge Nursery, and the walk was well repaid, especially to those who visited the nursery for the first time. Rogers' is far famed for its flowers and its trees. In old botanical text-books mention is made of it as a place where rare specimens of plants are to be found. One of its greatest attractions is the splendid array of rhododendrons. The shady glades, bordered by bushes in full bloom, are well worth a visit, and the sight of the beds of flowers of every hue must fill every onlooker with admiration. It was a pleasure to all to view the picturesque and glorious works of nature, cultivated and enhanced by the hand of man. To the botanical student instruction and education were added to pleasure.

In concluding these notes we should like to thank the members of the Science staffs for the interest they take in the Society. Our especial

thanks are due to Mr. Marle, who attended every lecture and many of the visits. During the short time the Society has been in operation this session we have had six lectures, all given by students, and as many visits. With a full session next year much more should be accomplished. We wish the Society a most successful future.

A. E. H.

## LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

+ + +



WE very much regret that it was impossible to arrange the so long deferred debate, in which Miss Aubrey, M.A., and Professor Masom, M.A., were to have taken sides, but we sincerely hope that the Committee of the Society for next session will make that debate, their opening one.

The Combined Meeting of the Debating and Choral Societies was held on May 19th, and after the tea a literary paper was given by the Rev. R. A. Mitchell, M.A., of Highfield, who kept us laughing throughout the whole lecture, by the numerous illustrations of his subject—"The Ridiculous in Life and Literature."

The Principal presided and thanked the speaker for his lecture on this occasion, and also for his work in the past, in aid of the new College, which we hope will be in the neighbourhood of Highfield, in the near future. Professor Studer, M.A., as President of the Debating Society, also thanked the speaker and was seconded by the Secretary and Mr. S. Crawshaw, who represented the Choral Society. The happy evening ended in a dance. The Secretary takes this opportunity of thanking Members for their regular attendance and interest in the Society, and the President and Committee for their valued and much appreciated help, which has rendered his duty as Secretary a most pleasing one. May there be the same hearty co-operation in the Society next session.

F. J. M.

## WOMEN STUDENTS' SWIMMING CLUB.

• • •

THE Club has held meetings weekly at the Baths during the term. We still boast a fair number of swimmers, but regret to say that we have not yet added to that number; while we should like to congratulate some of the juniors on their valiant and untiring efforts to master the swimming art, we would urge others to pluck up courage and follow the example of these worthy members of the club.

M.E.M.

## HOSTEL NOTES.

\* \* \*



TO Hostel Students, the Summer Term signifies many things. The 2nd year people think dolefully of Certif., and the terrors of the unknown awaiting them when they shake the dust of B.M.H., from their feet for ever, the toiling inters count the coming weeks and (inwardly) consign Latin and Maths to—Something (!) while the rest are of the fixed private opinion that sessionals are absolutely unnecessary. Then the early-rising epidemic breaks out and is found in various degrees of intensity from the mild form of being ready to start for College immediately after the morning meal, to the violent stages of pacing the garden at 6 o'clock (approx.) with a preoccupied air and a tightly-clutched book. With most people however it is a case of "I meant to, but I went to sleep."

Although the Hostel is regarded by some people as a home of Amazons, or a den of Suffragettes, &c., Teddy Edward met with a hearty welcome, and although he causes shrieks at times, he is flourishing under an amount of petting which would turn any ordinary man's head, not to mention making him chase his tail, as Teddy does. He found two rivals, however, in a certain hold hero and an honourable prophet, in regard to which let us remind one of the *esprit de corps* that

"It is not growing like a tree,  
In bulk doth make man better be,"

although it may lead to expansion to kingly dignity. Burnt cork, blue velvet, and a feather assumed a different aspect when viewed by a dim, religious light.

Study of the mother tongue so engrosses the minds of the Hostelites that a self-appointed lecturer met with a *warm reception*, and delivered a few unoriginal Ideas amid more than an ordinary amount of confusion, which a sword-dance did not diminish.

The second year students who are leaving these "'appy 'alls" wish their descendants a jolly time next year, and warn the next generation to treat their juniors with the same consideration that they themselves met with (?), and having given this good advice, thanked their neighbours for the good times they have spent, and made a graceful bow, down with boxes, away with hooks, welcome time-tables! and the Hostelites depart for the summer.

## CHESS NOTES. X X

\* \* \*

ALTHOUGH a great deal is said against the English summer, it does not altogether provide suitable weather for chess. Consequently these notes are few.

Our last Trophy match was scratched by our opponents, and we therefore won two and drew one of our five games. We had the satisfaction of drawing with the top team of our division, namely, Southampton A. Portsmouth, however, retain the Trophy for another year.

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Mr. Mackie won the Handicap Knock-out Tournament of the Southampton Club. Last year he won the Club Trophy, and we congratulate him on his second achievement. We hope he will continue to succeed.

At Coll. chess has not been left entirely alone this term. During the temporary absence of the chess-board from the Common Room (no one knows when, where, or why it went), a couple of enthusiasts were so anxious for a game that they went to the length of mapping out a board in chalk on one of our beautiful baize-topped card-tables. This is enthusiasm indeed!

We do not wish to encourage the enthusiasm which some other people have displayed. One interval, not long ago, some persons—quite honest and upright persons—were shocked and disgusted at finding certain property of the Chess Club in their pockets. It is a shame that the equilibrium of such upright persons as the students of the Hartley College should be upset by the sudden discovery in public that they are in possession of goods not their own. We are pleased to say that most of the chess-men have been returned, but a few knights are still missing. These, if returned to the Secretary, will be most thankfully received.

These notes would be incomplete without an expression of thanks to Profs. Watkin and Masom and Mr. Mackie. With their help college chess reaches a much higher standard than any other college game. We should also like to thank Profs. Watkin and Masom for the gifts of prizes for the tournament. It is certain that without their help and encouragement the Club would be in a poor way.

The Secretary wishes the Club the greatest success in the future, and hopes that it will not be long before the County Chess Trophy finds a place beside the Tankerville Chamberlayne Football Cup.

A. E. H.

## CHRISTIAN UNION. ❧

♦ ♦ ♦

### WOMEN'S BRANCH.

THE summer term is always an important one in the life of our Christian Union, for beside the usual circles and meetings, we have to elect the Committee for the coming session, and to make arrangements for sending as many delegates as possible to the Summer Conferences. We are glad to say that many of the friends and old students of the College have sent us some help towards our Delegation Fund, and we hope to be able to send four or five delegates at least, although final arrangements have not yet been made.

A united meeting of women students was held at the Hostel on May 28th, when Mr. Tomlinson gave us a helpful address on "Hope." We are much looking forward to a week-end visit from Miss Mowell, one of the travelling secretaries of the Student Volunteer Missionary Union, from June 10th to 12th, when we hope to have a second united meeting of women students, and to consider something of the great Missionary Question.

As the session comes to an end, and the work is handed on to others, we feel that we should like to wish them abundant blessings in their work for the Christian Union and for the great student movement, and that they may ever go forward, striving, persevering, "faithful unto death."

P. M.

#### MEN'S BRANCH.

We are pleased to be able to report on another successful and encouraging term. Members are now looking out for channels in which they can be more practical, than they have been in the past, and two or three combined Committee Meetings have brought to light some good work, where the help of Members is needed and will be much appreciated. Both branches have met at combined prayer meetings twice this term and it is hoped that such meetings will be more frequent next session. For a long time it has been a source of regret that members of the staff are not more intimate with the aims and working of the Union, and while we thank them for their generous donation to our Conference Fund, we hope that their interest will also be shown by their presence at the regular meetings. This would greatly encourage the members who will carry on the work next session.

The first address this term, was given by Mr. W. H. Rowland, on the subject of "Work." Mr. E. K. Boyce, followed with a very helpful paper on "Temptation;" and Mr. Kite, devoted his paper to the subject of "Prayer." We have had several papers on Missionary Work this term. One of the travelling Secretaries of the S. C. Movement, Mr. Cargin, who will shortly be going to the Mission Field, visited us on May 14th, and addressed a combined meeting on Missionary work. Mr. H. Bell, followed up the theme of his address, and Mr. Williamson, also gave us an interesting paper on the religious customs of the heathen in India. Mr. Landon's paper entitled "The Shadows of Life," was very helpful to all of us. The next and last combined meeting this term, will be addressed by the Rev. J. Morris, B.A., whose visits are always much appreciated and on Sunday, June 25th, our worthy President, Mr. Tomlinson, B.Sc., will give the last address to the men.

We are also pleased to report that a Bible Circle has been started, and we trust that next session it may be as helpful as it has been this. We wish the Union God-speed next session, and pray that God's blessing will rest on the work of the Union in every direction.

F. J. M.



## CRICKET NOTES.



AT the time of writing, 12 matches have been played. Of these we have won 5 and lost 6, the other game being abandoned owing to rain.

It has been a most enjoyable season; all our matches on the County Ground have been well attended. Our best thanks are due to several members of the staff for the great interest they have taken in the Club, and especially to Mr. Mackie and Mr. Suggate for their generous support at several of our home matches.

The outstanding feature of the season is our two defeats at the hands of Reading. Reading, who have a very strong side, won handsomely on each occasion.

Bendrey has shown fine form both with bat and ball. He has passed the half-century on five occasions. His highest score, 84, was made against the Grammar School. Good form has also been shown by Ayling, Crawshaw, Going, Terrey, and Viccars. The latter has also figured prominently in the attack, always keeping a good length. His fast bowling has proved very effective.

### Seniors v. Juniors.

APRIL 29TH.—Great interest was taken in this match. The Juniors started favourites, but against an attack of "nerves" and the bowling of Going, Crawshaw, and Small they fared badly, the whole side being dismissed for 81. The finish was a good one, for the sixth Senior wicket fell with only 50 runs scored. It was Small who saved the situation. His 27 proved invaluable. The innings closed for 97, the Seniors thus winning by 16 runs. Bendrey proved his ability as an all round cricketer by making the top score of the match and taking 5 wickets for 28 runs.

### v. Woolston.

MAY 3RD.—The College batted first and had scored 85 for 5 wickets when a heavy storm broke over the ground, making further play impossible.

### v. Romsey.

MAY 6TH.—A very enjoyable game resulted in a win for Romsey by 16 runs. This match should have been won. Romsey batted first and scored 152. When the second College wicket fell, with the score at 88, we seemed to have the game well in hand. Ayling (50) and Bendrey (53) put on 82 runs for the second wicket by splendid cricket. The other batsmen failed badly however, not one reaching double figures. The innings closed for 136, the last 8 wickets falling for 48 runs.

### v. Deanery.

MAY 10TH.—This match provided a very exciting finish. Deanery, who batted first on a perfect wicket ran up a total of 225. We replied with 200, and thus had to admit defeat by 25 runs. Two of our late batsman had the misfortune to be run out, and but for this the result would probably have been different.

### v. Lyndhurst

MAY 13TH.—We journeyed to Lyndhurst by brake and enjoyed the outing immensely. The match was very one-sided, ending in an easy win for us by 110 runs. Batting first we declared with the score at 162 for 4 wickets. Crawshaw (51, not out), Ayling (28, not out) and Going (39) batted well. Lyndhurst could only collect 52, the whole side being dismissed in less than an hour. Bendrey (5 for 25), Viccars (3 for 4) and Going (2 for 17) were in great form with the ball. The fielding was splendid not a single mistake being made. This, our first win, was a decisive one.

### v. Grammar School.

MAY 17TH.—Batting first we compiled a score of 200. Bendrey made 84 by faultless cricket. The Grammar School started well and seemed to have the game well in hand when their second wicket fell with the score at 113. Bendrey and Going then bowled in irresistible style, the last 8 Grammar School wickets falling in rapid succession for only 32 runs. Bendrey took 6 wickets for 49 runs and Going 3 for 4. The innings closed for 145, the College winning an enjoyable game by 55 runs.

### v. Reading Univ. College.

MAY 20TH.—We went to Reading with high hopes of repeating last year's performance, and so following up the splendid example set by the Football Club. It was a most enjoyable outing, but the result was very disappointing. Reading won by 41 runs. Scores:—Reading, 133; Hartley, 92.

### v. Lymington.

MAY 24TH.—At Lymington we ran out winners of a most exciting game by a single run. Batting first, the College team was dismissed for 87. Ayling carried out his bat for an invaluable 35. Thanks to the splendid howling of Viccars (5 for 22) and Bendrey (4 for 23), Lymington failed to reach our total by one run.

### v. Grammar School.

MAY 27TH.—This was our second enjoyable game with the Grammar School, and again we proved the winners. Grammar School was dismissed for 132 runs, and these were knocked off for the loss of only 3 wickets. The innings closed for 202, the College thus winning by 70 runs. Bendrey (67), Going (33), and Crawshaw (32) all batted in good style; and Bendrey (3 for 42), Viccars (3 for 38), and Going (3 for 12) did well with the ball.

### v. O.S.O.

MAY 31ST.—O.S.O. outplayed the College in this game. Batting first on a perfect wicket, the winners declared with the score at 227 for the loss of only 5 wickets. The College replied with 132, and so retired well beaten by 102 runs.

### v. Woolston.

JUNE 7TH.—At Woolston we sustained our fifth defeat, by 5 wickets. We were dismissed for 118 runs. Of these Bendrey made 69 by attractive cricket. The other batsmen failed. When stumps were drawn Woolston had scored 150 for the loss of 5 wickets.

**v. Reading Univ. College.**

JUNE 10TH.—Again we had to admit defeat, and this time by a more substantial margin. Scores:—Reading, 245; Hartley, 108. The outstanding feature of the match was the splendid century made by Tombling, the Reading "skipper."

**v. Northwood.**

JUNE 14TH.—Won by 65 runs. Scores:—Northwood, 121; Hartley, 186. Crawshaw played a fine innings of 42. Going in when 4 wickets had fallen for 51 runs, and after losing Going one run later, he found a good partner in Viccars (26). These two placed the College in a winning position by putting on 32 for the seventh wicket. The tail wagged vigorously, Bell (28) and Coward (27) making a splendid stand.

E. C. H.



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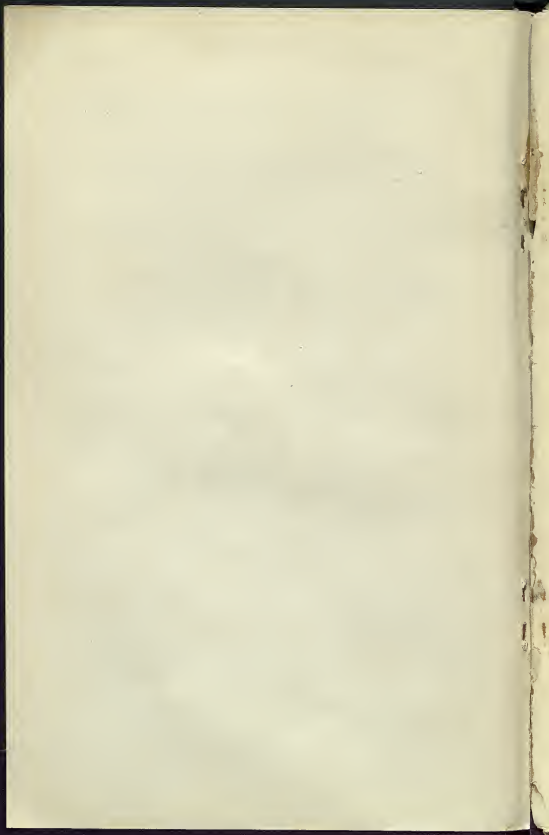
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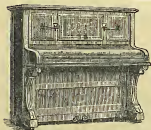
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